



## GATHERED SMILES

AT THE CHARITY BAZAR.

I did not kiss her, though her face was very beautiful to see; I did not kiss her, though she said, 'With modest blushes that I might; I'd thought I would, but hung my head and hurried to get out of sight.'

That orphans might have bread and meat.

She sold the kiss that I had bought; Her lips looked very, very sweet, And I'd been forced to bid a lot. She stood there in her booth prepared To let her lips be mine be pressed; I had the right, if I had cared, To catch her warmly to my breast.

Would fame to any man be sweet If for the asking it were had? If wealth were laid at all men's feet, Would money ever make us glad? Let fools buy kisses, if they will, From maidens who are fair to see; The kiss that must be fought for still Is all that seems worth while to me. —Chicago Record-Herald.

The Climax of Corruption.

Mrs. Smithson-Brown—I am told that Mrs. Jones-Green-Grey has been expelled from her club.

Mrs. Clark-Devoris—Served the horrid thing just right!

"Was her offense serious?"

"Positively heinous, my dear. She was giving rebates on her alimony!"

—Puck.

ACCOMMODATING TRUTHFULNESS.



Lawyer—Are you—er—er—truthful? Youth (after the job)—Yes, sir; but I ain't so blamed truthful as ter interfere wiv any of your business.

How Foolish.

There once was a lady named Dowd Whose peek-a-boo waist was quite loud; When she went out at night The moon, at the sight, Blushed deep and went under a cloud. —Milwaukee Sentinel.

Losing Game.

Jinks—Ha, ha, ha! I feel jolly today. My daughter has stopped pestering me for a necklace. I happened to get an idea from a friend, and I acted on it—told her I had noticed that the prettiest girls were not wearing jewelry now.

Winks—By ginger! I'll try that dodge myself.

Jinks—the next day—Hello, Winks, did you try that anti-jewelry game on your daughter?

Winks—Yes; and now my wife is raging around because she thinks I've been staring at pretty girls. I wish I'd bought the necklace.—N. Y. Weekly.

HIS IDEA.



"I hear you are engaged to Ethel Knobs. I don't wish to alarm you, but she said the other day that she had absolutely no wish to know how to cook."

"I know it. I proposed to her as soon as I heard it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Difference.

"She's awful skinny, isn't she?" "I should say not! She's willowy; that girl's dad has got money."—Houston Post.

Terrific Jolt.

Sapleigh—The doctors say cigarette smoke kills microwbes, doncher know.

Miss Caustique—Then how do you account for the fact that you are still alive?—Chicago Daily News.

Must Be.

"You're laughing at me!" "I'm not."

"You are."

"What makes you think so?" "I don't see anything else to laugh at."—Cleveland Leader.

Easing His Conscience. Rev Mr. Goodman (inspecting himself in mirror)—Caroline, I don't really believe I ought to wear this wig. It looks like living a lie. Mrs. Goodman—Bless your heart, Avery, don't let that trouble you. That wig will never fool anybody for one moment.—Chicago Tribune.

A UNION SHOP.



A Sorry Spectacle.

Behold her skipping on the sand, This vaunted summer girl; Her face is full of freckles and Her hair is out of curl. —Washington Star.

How It Happened.

Tarantula Tom—Why did Bill plug th' tenderfoot?

Lava-Bed Pete—It all come o' Bill's distressin' ignorance o' legal terms.

T. T.—How was that?

L. B. P.—Well, Bill owed th' short-horn some money, an' was sorter slow about payin'. So the stranger writ him a letter sayin', 'I will draw on you at sight.' An' Bill thought that meant a gun play, so when he meets up with the stranger he draws first. It was a misunderstanding.—Cleveland Leader.

As a Reminder.

The lazy son had graduated and then come home to sponge on his father.

"I don't know what is the trouble with that boy," growled the sire. "His only ambition seems to be to loaf."

"Why don't he hang out his shingle?" queried the neighbor. "I don't know, but, by hook, if he don't hang it out pretty soon I am going to take the shingle and use it on him."—Chicago Daily News.

THE GREAT SUMMER SALE.



Hubby—Oh, I say, dear, this shopping business is a beauty tag.

Wife—How inconsiderate you are! Why, I'm doing the shopping, you are simply carrying the parcels.

No Wonder.

I could not sit near her, and she likewise refused to sit by me; She'd eaten onion-filled croquettes, And I'd smoked Turkish cigarettes! —Cleveland Leader.

How He Entered.

"And how," asked the criminologist, "did you start on your career of crime?"

The safe-cracker sighed.

"When a mere child of 13," he said, "I entered a female seminary."

"As I suspected!" exclaimed the professor. "You are a woman in disguise!"

"Not at all—what are you kidding me for? I was a porch climber in them days."—Cleveland Leader.

Vary Little.

"When an actor passes away," quoted Boothby Hamfatter, "he leaves nothing behind him."

"Nothin'," assented the landlord of the one-night stand hotel, "exceptin' mebbe a trunk full o' rocks, an a rope show which winder he clumb outer."—Cleveland Leader.

Heard on the Beautiful Shore.

Angry the theologian fluttered his wings.

"And how did you get here?" he demanded of the humble savage.

"I took a correspondence course in piety," replied the child of the forest, producing his diploma.—Puck.

Hand Work.

Yeast—He's made all his money with his own hands.

Crimsonbeak—Indeed!

"Yes; he's a prize-fighter."—Yankers Statesman.

## Ruin of Bank Brought About by "Lucky" Dream

Chicago.—From a youth's dream, through a maze of dissipation, frenzied gambling and the resultant debauchery, into which was sucked the cashier who in turn drew in the president, until the whole structure tumbled with a crash, the fall of the Milwaukee Avenue State bank has been traced.

Walter Frantzen, once confidential secretary to Paul O. Stensland, a striping of excellent promise, saw in a dream that which aroused the spirit of chance within him. Through the boy the unrelenting spirit touched Henry W. Hering, the cashier, and he fell, dragging with him Paul O. Stensland, the president, who had also been caught in the magic meshes.

In a dream that came to him the night before the great American Derby at Washington park in 1900, Frantzen, who had never been at a race track in his life, saw the plunging horses galloping to the finish, and just as plainly as if he stood in the press box of the old stand, he saw a card put up, reading: "1. Sidney Lucas." The vision passed and he awoke in the morning a marked man, though unaware of it.

"I had a funny dream last night," Frantzen said to a fellow-clerk. Then he told him of the vision.

"What was the name?" asked the clerk.

"I can't remember exactly, but if the papers have the entries, and this was one of them, I can tell," he replied, and an interest arose within him.

Found Horse of His Dream. The clerk got a paper and slowly read down through the entries of the great racing event. When Sidney Lucas' name was reached Frantzen coolly said: "That's the one."

Frantzen's associates were inclined to regard it as a joke, but kept asking him why he did not "take a chance." He battled with the desire to bet, for as a clerk at \$75 a month he did not

mud and run circles around Lieut. Gibbons, the favorite.

The winner shot under the wire with a trailing bunch of blurred horses and riders behind. The grandstand leaped into life and noise. Frantzen pulled out his ticket, looked it over and walked through the disgruntled, rapidly thinning crowd in the betting ring to the almost deserted bookstand. He presented his ticket, and the bookmaker, with the same grin, handed him a roll that counted up nearly \$500 when he got home.

Sealed Doom of Bank.

Frantzen had won his first bet, and the doom of the Milwaukee Avenue State bank was sealed.

The story traveled through the bank and became known to his friends. Frantzen was looked upon as a sort of wizard, and acquaintances urged him to "go to it" while his luck held out. His head was turned, he followed the evil advice, and became a regular plunger. Some days he would pick as many as six race winners. He seldom sustained a loss. His acquaintances and friends began to take his "steers," and Frantzen, the ambitious young secretary of a few weeks before, sat at his desk with "dope sheets" and studied the horses, about which he had not the slightest knowledge.

Frantzen found new associates to assist him in spending his easily made money, and into these circles of gayety he took Hering. Hering was a phlegmatic, home-loving German whose amusements had been of a domestic character.

Dazzled by the glamour of Frantzen's wonderful run of luck, he saw no reason why he should not follow Frantzen's lead with the same success.

Downfall of Others Begins.

Frantzen was a natural leader and the pace he set the cashier was not

around, Frantzen was favored with no vision. The nearest thing to a "dream" he could muster up was the name Aladdin, as a winner. Aladdin sounded like a miracle and the "pool" backed it for all it was worth. Aladdin barely reached the wire before the next race was called.

Swift Pace Down Hill.

It was then that the incline was reached, and the members of the pool shot to their doom. Debauchery, fast women, evil associates, and high times figured in their mad efforts to hide from their accusing consciences.

When Stensland was drawn into the pool he met women of a sphere just above Hering's, and it was at that time that Frantzen was charged with embezzlement of from \$40,000 to \$69,000, and sent away. His cunning in picking winners had left him.

Stensland a Wanderer.

The predominant trait of Paul Stensland's character recalls the fact that he was of the blood of the old vikings who set sail in their frail ships, careless of where the wind bore them provided it was somewhere new. Stensland was above all things a wanderer. When he arrived in Chicago after years spent drifting from place to place in the orient and with old age approaching he still could not resist his nomadic instincts. About five years ago he went on a prolonged trip through South and Central America and more particularly Honduras, in which country he professed a special interest. On his return he displayed a marked reticence to give an account of his travels. In view of this fact the opinion is freely expressed among his quondam acquaintances that the missing man will be found, if at all, in Central America.

Contrary to popular opinion, Stensland is declared to have been far from prodigal with his money. He was extremely frugal in his meals and



FRANTZEN TOLD A FELLOW-CLERK OF HIS VISION

HE WATCHED LUCAS 'STR UP THE PAID'

"NEARLY \$600"

"CIRCLES OF GAYETY"

ULTIMATELY

have money to throw at the birds, or at horses, either. Besides, the newspapers declared that Lucas did not have a chance on earth.

Frantzen, up to that time, had never gambled, and had seldom played cards. He had remained home at night to study and read. He was ambitious to become a successful business man like Paul O. Stensland, his employer, whom all in that district looked up to and respected.

Frantzen had never been tested in just this way before, and he was unprepared for resistance. Not knowing the price of his folly, he drew \$25 from the bank and decided to put in his Saturday half-holiday at the track. He did not intend to bet; he told his friends he just wanted to see the horse win.

Succumbed to Temptation.

When he reached the track and mingled with the enthusiastic throngs that crowded the betting ring, his dream came back to him with startling reality. He saw the track and grandstand as he had seen them in his dream. The betting ring seemed to draw him with an irresistible force. He crowded through and with a trembling hand proffered \$20. "Put that on Sidney Lucas in the Derby," he said huskily. The bookmaker grinned as he handed back a pasteboard card with a little red number at the top, and a scrawl of figures at the center. He placed it in his inside pocket, and then read the "dope" on the Derby. It said that Thompson Bros., the owners of Lucas, were dubious. Frantzen sighed with relief to know his money was already lost.

But when the horses went to the post he was bewildered to see that the horse with "15" attached was Lucas. The number "15" had been on the horse of his dreams. Spellbound he watched the preliminaries and the start. He watched Lucas stir up the

slow. Hering, however, after a few ineffectual attempts to swing into it, finally struck the gait. He made himself at home in crowds he had shunned all through his own youth.

Gradually Paul O. Stensland was drawn into the crowd. He began to lose the moral integrity that had been his. About this time some of his old friends, prominent Norwegians who had heretofore regarded him as a splendid representative of their race, heard of his changed associations and withdrew their confidence from him. This marked the beginning of his personal downfall. He began to steal from the bank in order to meet the demands on him, taking out little by little, animated by a hope similar to Frantzen's that his speculations would reap a rich harvest before the stolen money was missed.

Then Frantzen's luck turned. Thinking that it would surely swing back to his original good fortune on bets, it is charged that he began taking small sums from the bank. He told himself he was merely borrowing until he should be able to win back the equivalent to-morrow or the day after.

Hering says Frantzen stole \$40,000. A memorandum found in Stensland's vault places the amount at \$69,000. Frantzen was never prosecuted by the bank authorities and left the state when his crime was discovered. Now he is being brought back to answer for it, as well as to tell all he knows of the operations of the bank officials.

Hering Wins at First.

Cashier Henry Hering became a "sport" under the influence of Frantzen. He followed the "tips" of Frantzen and won a lot of money. Theodore Stensland, whose father at that time was not involved in the stealing that finally cost him his all and spread misery among thousands, used to refer to Hering as a "cheap sport" and a "cheap skate."

When the 1902 Derby day came

## HUNDREDS PERISH UNDER LANDSLIDE

Township of Lwarell, District of Telaw, in the Caucasus, is Partially Buried.

Whole Side of Great Mountain Slips Away and Engulfs Hundreds of People Beneath an Avalanche of Mire Six Feet in Depth.

Tiflis.—Practically without warning the side of a mountain rising above the township of Kwarell broke away and on a sea of semi-liquid sand, stones and mud swept down on the township and overwhelmed and obliterated it. Some 250 persons have been buried alive. Fifty-five bodies already have been recovered from the mire, which is six feet deep. In addition to the lives lost countless head of cattle perished and the crops were destroyed.

Kwarell township occupies an area of five kilometers of the district of Telaw, in the Caucasus. Similar disasters are common occurrences in Caucasian valleys.

MURDERED BY GUARD.

Tragic Fate of Russian Girl Who Is Shot Down by Brutal Soldier.

St. Petersburg.—There was a revolt in the central detention prison at St. Petersburg on Monday in consequence of the death of Mile. Semenova, a girl of 22, a young and enthusiastic Social Democrat, who was shot and killed by a sentry when she showed herself at the window of her cell overlooking the court yard. The prisoners expelled the warders, barricaded the prison and laid the corpse of Mile. Semenova on an improvised bier in the cell, refusing to deliver to the authorities, and swearing they would die rather than surrender it. Troops were summoned, but the authorities, fearing bloodshed, temporized and sent for the brother of Mile. Semenova, to whom the insurgents deliver the body.

Grand Duke Nicholas, after an investigation of the affair, personally ordered the dismissal of the officer of the guard, which was drawn from the unpopular Seminovsky regiment. Mile. Semenova was a medical student and was seeking to divide with the prisoners some sugar which she had surreptitiously obtained when she was shot.

GREAT DISPLAY OF FRUIT.

Irrigation Congress Presented Evidence of Country's Fertility.

Boise, Ida.—The exposition of the products of Irrigation made at the fourteenth National Irrigation Congress, just closed, was the finest ever made in the west. The fruit exhibit was of exceptional excellence and it would be hard to surpass it anywhere in the world.

The grand sweepstakes prize in the fruit competition was won by Utah on merit. Its display was the best, the largest and most varied, and the most tastefully and artistically displayed.

In Idaho each county participating had its own display, all of them being excellent, and some of them, notably Ada and Canyon, being very large and complete. There were good displays from Washington, Cassia, Fremont, Bingham, Elmore, Nez Perce and Custer counties, and a very creditable one from Rupert, Lincoln county, raised without water.

DARING IN ROBBERY.

Russian Revolutionists Capture Fortune By Bold Artifice.

Vladivostok.—By means of bold artifice a party of revolutionists on Saturday obtained possession of \$167,000, which had been sent here for the Thirtieth regiment. Three men, attired as an officer and two soldiers in uniform of that regiment, appeared at the bank where the money was on deposit and withdrew the entire amount. The men disappeared immediately and later it was learned they were impostors.

ATE POISONED DRIED BEEF.

Ten Persons at the Point of Death as a Result.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Ten persons in three different families of this city have been lying at the point of death for over twelve hours, suffering from the effects of eating dried beef delivered to their homes Saturday by a man who cannot be located. A partial investigation has revealed that the meat came originally from one of the large packing houses.

STILL THROWING BOMBS.

The Policemen of Russia Have No Soft Spot.

Warsaw, Russian Poland.—A bomb was thrown in the market square of Rudnowska, province of Warsaw, on Monday afternoon, killing one policeman and wounding another. Later another bomb was thrown at the entrance of the Zlardow spinning works in this city, severely wounding a policeman and a janitor. The troops thereupon fired in all directions and killed or wounded forty persons.